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Principles, not Men; but Men as the Representatives of Principles.

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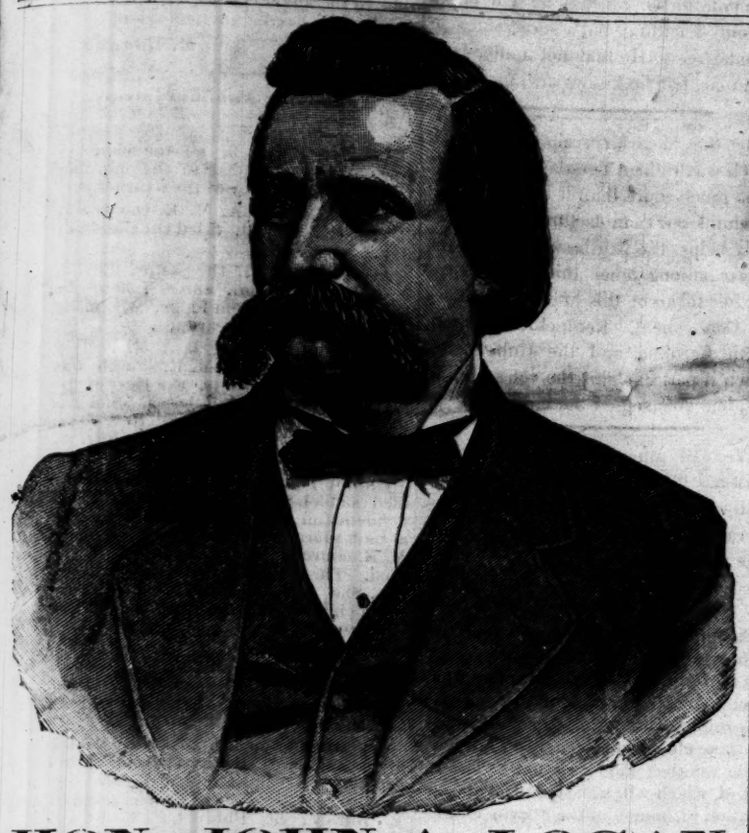

HON. JOHN A. LOGAN,

OF ILLINOIS, THE PEOPLE'S CHOICE FOR PRESIDENT.

The Family Circular.

I have heard of a capital contrivance for regular communication between the scattered and busy members of families. Let us call it the Family Circular, and this is the way it works:

A brother in Ohio sends a letter to a sister in Central New York. She replies as she pleases to this letter, and communicates matters of general family interest, but instead of sending her letter to the brother in Ohio, sends it along with his letter to the father and brother and sister and others of the family who live on the homestead in Massachusetts. Here all who can, or wish to do so, contribute letters, and the increased budget is forwarded to Amherst. Increased yet more it moves on to Worcester. Weighter still with wit and wisdom, it goes thence to Boston, a big budget indeed; and is one of the best things that go by mail. Here the letter from Ohio is removed from the packet, but its loss is made up by the contribution from Boston members of the family. So in due time the Ohio brother gets his sister's reply to his letter, and all the other replies and communications. He takes out the New York sister's letter, adds a fresh one of his own, and sends all that has been communicated since that sister wrote, to her.

So now, each time around, at each station, a letter simple or compound, is subtracted, and a fresh one added; and once a month each brother or sister hears from all the other members of the family. I suppose no one is prohibited from writing directly to any other not in turn. They can, at least, write what business or privacy they choose on postal cards.

This is the next best thing to family meetings, which are often of so difficult achievement, that they are extremly rare after the children are all married and have separate families to care for.

It is common to forward from one to another letters from members of the family who are not seldom heard from, but I had never before heard of such regular epistolary circulation throughout a family as this I have reported. I fancy that many scattered families, like the one into which I was born, will gladly hear of such an easy and delightful mode of intercommunication, and will regularly follow the example. There are ties stronger than those of blood to people who have had a birth above that of animals, but the ties of family are strong, and should be tenderly cherished. They should not make us narrow in our sympathies, but they may warm our hearts into greater love for humanity. An unkind brother or selfish sister cannot be a true philanthropist; and I suppose that the hoped for reign of "peace on earth and good will among men" is helped forward far more by simple brothers and sisters who just aim with loving hearts to do their daily duty faithfully, in field, or kitchen, or shop, than by any professional philanthropist.

The Pleasure of Business.

No human mind is contented without occupation. No human soul is without an aim or purpose in life. The greatest success in life consists not in the mere accumulation of riches, but in being able to acquire wealth with a disposition to apply it in such a manner that it shall be a comfort and a blessing to others—not in the mere giving away of money, but in putting people in a way to labor and help themselves. There is no pleasure in grinding and extracting gold from the poor; but there is a great deal of genuine satisfaction in being able to offer steady and honorable employment to the many willing hands that have nothing to do. One of the greatest enjoyments of the prosperous business man consists in being able to comfortably provide for the many employes in his house or manufactory. In doing this he is fulfilling his obligation to society; he becomes a useful and honored citizen; business to him is a real pleasure; he enjoys his successes, when they are fairly won, because he feels that he deserves them.

When a business man has the right kind of purpose in life he always enjoys his occupation. He feels a just and worthy pride in his prosperity, he is pleased with the respect and gratitude of those whom he directs and controls in the management of his affairs, and he feels that in benefitting himself he is conferring a favor upon others.—*Criterion.*

A Pekin woman has given birth to a boy every fourth of July for four years. How to celebrate the day is a matter of taste.

Not a Modern Romance.

Pogma—My dear, I must go out on business to-night.

Regina—My dear, you didn't find it necessary to go away from me on business almost every night before we were married.

P.—No, my dear, my business then was to marry you.

R.—And you enjoyed my company then?

P.—I did, my dear. I wasn't so sure of you as I am now, my dear.

R.—Well, you're candid enough at any rate.

P.—I am, my dear; let us be honest with each other. You see, we've talked each other out. You know me all through, and I know you.

R.—And home is a dull place, I suppose. And I'm not as interesting as before you married me.

P.—You put the case disagreeably plain, my dear. There's no need of serving the truth raw in that fashion. But that's about the size of it when you take the trimmings off.

R.—Very well, my dear, I'm going out too. I may be out till 2 a. m.; possibly till 3.

P.—Where—where are are you going, my dear?

R.—To see a person on business.

P.—A person, a man or a woman? But it's a woman of course. And why so late?

R.—It's a person, my dear. And its business. Business is business, you know.

P.—But a respectable woman has no business to be out with a person such an hour. Above all, a wife.

R.—And why a wife any less than a husband, my dear?

P.—Because—because it ain't the thing, you know. A man's business keeps him out late. At least some men's business does. Mine does.

R.—And henceforth mine does, my dear. Sauce for the gander is sauce for the goose, my dear. I'm going to see something of life. Home is dull. You were interesting before I married you. But now we know each other all through, you know. We see too much of each other, you know. Come, let's be honest with each other. Sauce for the gander ought to be the goose's sauce, hadn't it, my dear? Sauce piquant. Goodbye. I'm off for greener fields and pastures newer.

P.—No you don't, my dear.

R.—Yes I do.

P.—You go out of that door, and you don't come in again, my dear.

R.—I don't want to, my dear.

P.—What!

R.—I don't want to, my dear, I've got a thousand dollars of my own, and if your door is locked when I return I shall hire a door of my own and lock you out, my dear. Sauce for the gander is sauce for the goose.

P.—O come now, my dear, this is all nonsense. You won't do any such thing. Come, be sensible now.

R.—I am sensible, my dear. In fact I've just got possession of my senses, as Mr. Fresh says. I can do it and I will. You know me well enough for that, don't you, my dear.

P.—My dear, I think I won't go out to-night.

R.—Neither will I, my dear.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

A Beautiful Custom.

The Alpine horn is an instrument made from the bark of a cherry tree, and like a speaking trumpet is used to convey sound to a great distance. When the last rays of the sun gild the summits of the Alps, the shepherd who inhabits the highest peak of these mountains takes his horn and cries in a loud voice, "Praised be the Lord." As soon as the neighboring shepherds hear him they leave their huts and repeat the words. The sounds are prolonged many minutes, while the echoes of the rocks repeat the name of God.

Imagination cannot picture anything more solemn and sublime than such a scene. During the silence that succeeds, the shepherds bend their knees and pray in the open air, then repair to their huts to rest. The sunlight gilding through the tops of these stupendous mountains, upon which the vault of heaven seems to rest, the magnificent scenery around, and the voices of the shepherds sounding from rock to rock the praise of the Almighty, fill the mind of every traveler with enthusiasm and awe.

"A tall woman is a poem; a little woman is a sonnet; any woman is a rhyme without reason." This is why we have to take 'em for better or for worse.

CONCEALED WEAPONS.

BY ARGUS.

If every man and every young upstart were permitted to carry firearms concealed in his breeches' pocket, what think you would be the state of society in a short time? Would men be more safe in their business and social relations if every body carried a pistol? Human kind is made up of an infinite variety of temperament. Some are vicious, some temperate, some hypochondriacal, while all are for the most part vindictive or sensitive. Would the knowledge of the means protection from insult, of satisfying a revengeful spirit, have the effect to lessen the crime and bloodshed among us? Or would it feed the flame of passion, bate and stimulate our vicious propensities and provoke a mild spirit to perform deeds of rashness and of crime, based upon the presumption of self-defense?

I can see no reason why men and boys should carry pistols. In a community like this, where law is supreme, where officers are numerous and where men are acquainted with the amenities of civilized life; where the thief and the murderer are looked upon as the common enemy and all kinds of crime discountenanced and punished; in a community where there are gaslights and where men are, as a rule, content to live peaceful lives, there is no need for the use of fire-arms. Not once a year do we find an instance where a man has been attacked (even in the outskirts of the city.) And even in the cases we hear of, the main-spring of attack is the possession of the means of successful attack. It might be said that if everybody carried arms there would be less crime, because of every man's knowledge of the other man's possession of arms would be a standing menace and that therefore men would not attack each other.

But this will not do, for some could purchase better pistols, some are better shots than others and many would seek by stealth or in ambush, what they were unable to do by open and fair attack. The carrying of arms would make our city a pandemonium and place a high premium on the professional black-leg and robber. I do not apprehend that this general use of arms will ever be in vogue. There are yet a few brave, decent men left in our city, who would not take life except in unmistakable self-defense. But if it is necessary for half-grown boys, who possess nothing worth attacking, to carry arms there is greater reason why men should do so. And since it is not appropriate that men should carry arms, certainly boys should be denied the privilege. And the most effectual means of preventing boys from purchasing a pistol is by strict police regulation. The supply should be cut off or laid under such conditions as will make it a criminal offense for a gunsmith to sell a pistol to a minor. And since the evils resulting from the use of pistols are more serious than those resulting from the use of drugs, the name of every person purchasing a pistol should be required to record his name and an exact description be taken and recorded, subject to inspection by the public.

Another means of curtailing the use is the passage of such laws as will require parents to use reasonable diligence in preventing children from the use and possession of pistols. Besides, the carrying of a pistol might be construed to establish a *remote* presumption of an intent to kill and thus be regarded a penal offense. Send a few boys to prison for the use of fire-arms and I'll warrant you, there will be a great falling off in the demand.

A negro was boasting to a grocer of the cheapness of ten pounds of sugar, which he had purchased at a rival shop. "Let me weigh the package," said the grocer. The negro assented, and it was found two pounds short. The colored gentleman looked perplexed for a moment, and then said: "Guess he didn't cheat this child much. While he was getting the sugar I stole two pair of shoes.

LIFT THEM UP

BY LE DUKE.

It is all very nice to sit in our parlors and talk about the elevating influences of refinement and to hold up our hands in holy horror at the distressingly horrible condition of many colored people who are living in our very neighborhood. We are led into the realms of philosophy, and talk very prettily about what time and the inevitable will do, about the irresistible power of evolution and the subject of amalgamation, separation, denationalition. O! how we gloat over our pretty hobbies, and parade our learning! We think ourselves very great, and are surprised to think that our marvellous powers are not appreciated by the masses who are hungering for the practical means of enlightenment and material support.

Now, to me, this sycophantic parading of other men's views about ethnology, evolution, philosophy and the like, are very disgusting when no effort is made to reduce such views to practice.

We appear microscopically small and colossal in meanness, when we profess to know what will be of service to the race and yet fail to show a willingness to put into practice what we feel sure will advance the cause of the colored people.

There are a few lessons for even our cultured and philanthropic (?) colored ladies and gentlemen to learn.

We are to learn that if the foundation—stones of the structure of race respectability and equality are to be laid at all, they must at least be quarried by those who are now able to call themselves cultured and refined.

We are to learn, too, that we cannot raise to that plane of recognition to which we claim a just title until the race as a whole develops that susceptibility to refinement and practical material and intellectual advancement which we find in other people. To be sure our development must be individual in a sense, but when we know our usefulness weshould so conduct ourselves as that the widest possible range shall be given to the influence it is possible for us to exert. We should combine for purposes of good. We should organize lyceums. We should organize charitable associations. We should take a lively interest in all industrial and educational movements. We should spend some of our time in missionary work—not to preach the gospel as such, but to do our utmost to propagate a healthy moral sentiment and encourage practices of sobriety, frugality, industry and home culture. The fact is, our weaker side is most seen by the whites. Those who lack the advantages of home culture, of education, of refinement are most frequently brought in contact with the whites, by reason of their menial, though not dishonorable service.

To neutralize this, those possessing culture and education should be seen among this lower class of people, using all the influence in their power toward elevating them, and thereby make it patent to the whites that all colored people are not alike; that there are social grades based upon the same reasons though differing in degree to some extent, which we find among the whites. Let us be up and doing. Let us go among the lowly and strive to lift them up. Let us spend a few moments each day, or an hour a week in dispensing alms, and whenever opportunity affords itself of inculcating in the minds of those around us those ideas and tastes which will make our race, as a whole, happier, wiser and more respected. We will then show some appreciation of the relation we bear to each other, and our desire to make all mankind happy.

FRIED STEAK AND ONIONS.—Melt a lump of butter in a frying pan; cover the bottom of the pan with onions sliced very thin; then lay the steak over them; when the onions are fried until they are tender put the beef on the bottom of the pan and cover it with the onions; add butter or lard as you need it. Liver cooked in this way is nice also. When it is done lay it on a platter and heap the onions on the meat. A very little gravy made in the pan in which you have cooked the meat and onions is an addition, but make only a little and turn over the meat, seasoning it well with salt and pepper.

The sooner the youth of this country are compelled by the scope and tendency of our public school system to recognize that only one boy in a hundred can be a lawyer, doctor, or clergyman, the better it will be for the American people. To that end it is essential that our methods of training shall cease to foster the silly and abortive preference for so-called gentlemanly pursuits,—shall squarely face the fact that manual labor is the sphere in which the majority of the human race are destined to move, and that it is mechanical skill and genius which have transformed the world, and which should command the highest prizes in the race of life.

A Mistake.

Says a correspondent: It happened in a rough mining town in Colorado. There was a grand ball at the ranch of Whisky Jack, a well-known character in the "diggings," and the "elite" of the district responded to the call in full force. The party was held in a rickety old barn belonging to the host, and what with a few red strips of flannel, a grotesque accumulation of mountain roses, and a row of dripping candles, the appointments of the place were perfect. My first partner in the giddy dance was the wife of the man who killed the village postmaster because he refused him a letter; she was fat, fair and forty, and danced with the grace of a cow. My next partner was the daughter of this charming pair, a young girl just bursting into the loveliness of womanhood; she was badly freckled and sported a wart on her nose. My next partner was a blooming grass-widow, a fresh arrival; and then I rested. I began to comment on new faces in the room. My companion in this pleasant pastime was a heavy bearded miner, uncouth, roughly dressed, tobacco-slobbered, and very profane. This was our first meeting, and I hoped it would be the last.

"There goes a hard looking case," I whispered, as the wife of the man who killed the postmaster sailed by. "She's a bad 'un."

"Yas," replied the man, "I'd hate to have the critter step on me. What an elegant target she would make for a poor marksman!"

"Yes," I said, and turned my eyes on a tall, raw-boned creature, sailing toward us supported by a little man with sandy whiskers and red top boots. "Here comes the boss."

"How?"

"The boss, I say; ain't she a lovely chimpanzee?"

"A what?"

"Chimpanzee!"

He glared at me a moment and then reached for his revolver.

"What is a chimpanzee?" he growled fiercely, his red eyes growing large.

I saw that I had made some mistake, and hastened to explain.

"Why—why," I stammered, backing off, 'a chimpanzee is a lovely creature found in Africa—nothing so gorgeously beautiful as a chimpanzee. That is the highest compliment a lady can receive."

"O!" and the man looked relieved. "Yas—I think so myself, stranger; she is a lovely chimpanzeer, she's my wife."

Cabbages and Sauerkraut.

The demand for cabbages constantly increases in this country, while the supply is diminishing. A few years ago many farmers raised cabbages as a field crop for supplying their cattle, sheep, hogs and poultry with fresh food during the winter season. They were very cheap, as the seasons were favorable to their growth, and there were few insects that troubled them. They were often sold in the vicinity of this city for one dollar per hundred in the fields and gardens where they were raised. But recently the seasons have been unfavorable to the growth of cabbages, and the imported cabbage-worm has made sad havoc with those that were raised. Cabbages have sold here as high as ten dollars per hundred, and sauerkraut imported from Germany has been sold on the market. Both cabbages and sauerkraut from the same country have been sold in eastern cities. The large increase of German population, the number of our native population that have learned to eat sauerkraut, and the amount of cabbages required to supply oyster saloons have increased the demand for the vegetable that was at one time so abundantly produced. The demand for them is large, and promises to remain so. Cabbages can be shipped as easily as potatoes, and can be kept over the winter with less trouble. Sauerkraut is as much an article of commerce as canned fruit, and can be manufactured by farmers and shipped to cities to most excellent advantage.—*Chicago Times.*

A Severe Repartee.

A severe repartee is recorded of Foote, the comedian, who, traveling in the west of England, dined one day at an inn. When the cloth was removed the landlord asked him how he liked his fare.

"I have dined as well as any man in England."

"Except the Mayor," cried the landlord.

"I do not except anybody, whatever," said he.

"But you must!"

"I won't!"

"You must!"

At length the strife ended by the landlord (who was a petty magistrate) taking Foote before the mayor, who observed it had been customary in that town for a great number of years always to "except the mayor," and accordingly fined him a shilling for not comforming to the ancient custom. Upon this decision Foote paid he shilling, at the same time observing hat he thought the landlord the greatest fool in christendom—except the mayor.

The Man Monkey.

The gorillas are the terror of Africa In the gorilla country no lion will live They are man-haters and kill them for the love of it, leaving the body, never eating them. When they spy a negro they come down from a tree, hit him on the head with a club, which they wield with their hind claw, or carry him up in a tree, there to murder him. Their strength is so great that they will bend the barrel of a rifle. Only one live one was ever brought to England, and that soon died. Several have been shot, but they are tough customers, and the natives dread them more than any animal of the African forests.

The gorrilla makes a bed like a hammock and swings in the trees. The gorilla is the sworn enemy of the elephant because each derives its subsistence from the same source. When he sees an elephant pulling down and wrenching off the branches of a favorite tree the gorilla steals along the bough, strikes the sensitive proboscis of the elephant a violent blow with his club and drives off the clumsy and startled giant shrilly trumpeting his pain and rage through the jungles of the forest.

Sorghum for Feed.

I have never raised sorghum for the purpose of syrup-making, but I have raised it two years for feed, and consider it superior to any other forage plant I have raised in any state for this purpose, timothy and clover not excepted. I prepare the ground the same as for any other crop, and drill with my wheat drill half a bushel of seed to the acre. I sow it from April to August first. If it grows strong and tall, cut it with a revolving rake reaper, and, after allowing it to wilt for several days, I bind and shock it in large shocks until dried, then stack and salt in the same manner as corn stalks. If it is finer and shorter, I cut it with a mower and cure it the same as hay. It takes a long time to cure and dry out, otherwise it will heat and spoil. The stack should be long and narrow. The crop should stand until ripe enough for syrup before cutting. It will not bleach and spoil on the ground like hay or grain. Many let it stand without cutting and feed it on the ground, and cattle and sheep will eat it clean, even the butts and roots, leaving nothing. I am of the opinion that the large, coarse stalks are the best for working animals. My horses are working and driving on half rations of gran (rice corn,) and are doing better than when I fed them hay and corn fodder, with full rations of corn chop. The seed is equal to corn, and will produce as much to the acre. I think when well cleaned it weighs sixty pounds to the struck bushel. It is superior to any other dry feed for milch cows. Our dry climate and winds make it easy to cure, and it stands drought better than any crop except the rice corn.

The husband of Barnum's fat woman who weighs four hundred pounds, has one consolation, he knows that no other fellow can get his arm around her.

"Has your sister got a son or daughter?" asked an Irishman of a friend. "Upon my life," was the reply, "I don't know yet whether I'm an uncle or an aunt."

When the old lady told her daughter's lover that she saw the villain in his face he said, "Of course, it's a personal reflection, and naturally hard to overcome."

Proud Parent—"Why, Florence, my dear, how you are fixed up! Dressed for a party?" Dutiful daughter—"Yes, pa but he isn't come yet. Perhaps he won't to-night."

A Kentucky girl was struck by lightning, and killed, while dressing for her wedding, and the hard-hearted Cincinnati *Enquirer* says: "There's such a thing as a girl being too attractive."

A Saratoga hotel has a waiter seven feet high, and he is very popular. When he spills the soup it gets cooled off falling through the air, and therefore does not burn the bald head underneath.

An exchange says: "A man lives in this vicinity who states that he first met his wife in a storm, took her to the first ball in a storm, popped the question in a storm and has lived in a storm ever since."

A boy in a country school, was reading the following sentence: "The light-house is a land-mark by day and a beacon by night," and rendered it thus: "The light-house is a landlord by day and a deacon by night."

A worthy deacon, in a town not far away, gave notice, at a prayer meeting recently, of a church meeting that was to be held immediately after, and unconsciously added: "There is no objection to the female brethren remaining."

The amenities of married life in Vincennes, Ind., are illustrated by the following advertisement, which appeared in one of the papers of that city: "My wife, Maria, has strayed or been stolen. Whoever returns her will get his head broken. As to trusting her, anybody can do so if they see fit; for as I never pay my own debts, it's not likely I'll pay her'n."

This is a Boil. It is on the Man's Neck. Would you like to Feel it? If you Do the Man will Feel it, too. The Boil is a Mean Thing, and it is a Coward. If you Strike it, it will Run. But the Man will not Run. He will Dance and Make Remarks. Boils may start Way down near a little Boy's waistband, But they always come to a Head at last.—*Denever Tribune Primer.*

THE WISDOM OF WORDS.—Too often the "wisdom of words" explains the Gospel away. It is possible to refine a doctrine till the very soul of it is gone; you may draw such nice distinctions that the true meaning is filtered away. Certain divines tell us that they must adapt the truth to the advance of the age, which means that they must murder it and fling its dead body to the dogs. It is asserted that the advanced philosophy of the nineteenth century requires a progressive theology to keep abreast of it; which simply means that a popular lie shall take the place of an offensive truth. Under pretense of winning the cultured intellects of the age, "the wisdom of words" has gradually landed us in a denial of those first principles for which the martyrs died. Apologies for the gospel, in which the essence of it is conceded to the unbeliever, are worse than infidelity. I hate that defense of the gospel which razes it to the ground to preserve it from destruction.—*C. H. Spurgeon.*

THE APOSTATE'S CONFESSION.—I believe in a chaotic nebula self-existent-evolver of heaven and earth from protoplasm, and in differentiation of the original homogeneous mass; its first begotten product which was self-formed into land and water, self-organized into plants and animals, reproduced in like species, and ultimately refined, rationalized and perfected in man; he descended from the monkey, ascended to the philosopher, and sitteth down in the rites and customs of civilization under the laws of developing sociology; from thence he shall come again by the disintegration of the heterogenized cosmos back into the original homogeneousness of chaos. I believe in the wholly impersonal unknowable and self-propelling absolute; the cohesive segregation of protoplastic elements; the molecular crystalization of primordial nuclei; the differentiation of facts; the dispersion of saints; the survival of the fittest; persistence of force; the law of [illegible] sion, and life and death eter[illegible]

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LET US STAND TOGETHER.

It is very gratifying note the unanimity which exists among our most prominent colored politicians upon the subject of the claims of Senator Logan for the Presidency. This sagacity and determination of purpose, we venture to say, results from an intelligent and close observation of the course pursued by the Senator during his long political career and particularly his actions with reference to the various political subjects which involved the rights and equities of colored American citizens. And we have no hesitancy in expressing our hearty endorsement of the views of our prominent colored men. If there ever was a time when it became necessary to consider well the fitness of Presidential candidates as it concerns our interests as colored people, that time is the present. The colored people are practically disfranchised. They have no rights which they can exercise untrammelled, even though the Constitution of the United States has guaranteed them to us. We occupy a peculiar position in the American body politic. We are included in the basis of representation; we are taxed and made to conform to all the rules and regulations governing society, but we have no real representative force and practically nothing to say with regard to taxation. Our votes are not counted and our lives and property are subject to the fiendish caprices of lawlessness and crime. The prejudices which operate against us are fed by a vicious sentiment which favors non-interference with State sovereignty, even when the assertion of such presumed sovereignty in effect over-rides the power and authority of the Federal Government—a sentiment which preserves State authority to interfere in Federal as well as State elections.

The propagation of this sentiment has been the result of the inadequacy of the administrative policies of Presidents. They have been too weak, too puerile, too pandering and regardless of the rights and liberties of the people as a whole. Embittered by sectional differences and impelled by the spirit of retaliation, administrations have forgotten a large number of their political allies and ardent supporters. And just so long as colored delegates fail to exercise their influence in securing a proper man for the Presidency, just so long will the colored people be ignored, and their rights denied. The fact is, our delegates have been too tractile, too pliable to the inducements to personal aggrandizement. They forgot that they represented a people almost buried under the weight of political tyranny and oppression.

It is to be hoped that our colored delegates will be made to appreciate the importance of their trusts and that they will go to the convention determined to do yeoman service in the cause of the political emancipation and removal of the blighting influences which weigh so heavily upon them. The sentiment which looks to Senator Logan as the of the Republican gratifying, and it ed people are now ator Logan com- ns best suited an of iron , splendid gnetism. When, field who the judg clergy who ma men to turn when

at Chicago embittered and almost sullen on account of their defeat, the Illinois Senator held his equanimity and at the first ratification meeting, held after the nomination of Garfield, declared himself in favor of the nominee of the Republican party first, last and all the time. And he kept his promise. John A. Logan's zeal was not cooled by the defeat of his choice for President, and like the valiant and true Republican, he labored unceasingly for the success of the party. The paramount interests of our people are those which will secure the protection of our lives, liberty and property, compared with which the tariff, finance and economic policies dwindle into insignificance.

But Senator Logan is sound on these questions also, as his speeches and votes on them will show. Let the colored people look to themselves. Let our cotemporaries continue their advocacy of Logan. Let the delegates act wisely and with special reference to the interests of the colored people North and South. Then, if they are successful, if a wise, conscientious and brave exponent of Republican principles is secured, the colored people will receive an impetus which will set them fairly on the way to permanent material, political and educational growth and the colored delegates and the colored people as a whole, will deserve well of themselves and the party and country. Let us strive to make practical the principles of the Republican party by the selection of a wise man, whose conduct will be based upon and guided by them.

We are in favor of the Commission in the bill offered by Senator Logan, for the reasons previously given; but we must insist that the men to compose it should have those qualifications which we look for in statisticians,—comprehensivenesss of grasp, thoroughness, patience of investigation, and method of arrangement.

Of the gentlemen named in the bill we make free to say that such qualifications are not possessed in any liberal degree by Bishop Turner, or by Rev. Chambers, judging from his experience in the Bishop Allen monument fiasco. Messrs. Corbin and Clark, we believe, could not be surpassed, notwithstanding the opposition raised against him, by the Cleveland *Gazette*, that he is opposed to mixed schools. Mr. Quarles is meeting with such flattering success in his profession, if we are to believe accounts published in some of our newspapers, that it is doubtful if he could be induced to give up his professional prospects for a mere temporary commission. If we were asked to name two gentlemen in the place of those to whom we are compelled to except, we would give the names of P. Joseph, of Alabama, and Rev. J. C. Embry, of Texas, gentlemen whose natural and acquired abilities make them every way superior for the purpose named, to either Bishop Turner or Rev. Chambers. Another thing in behalf of both these gentlemen, is their location. Mr. Joseph represents the Gulf States and Mr Embry the west and southwest. Then with Mr. Quarles, the east, P. H. Clark, and J. C. Corbin the Ohio and Mississippi valleys, no sectional objection can be urged.

A representative of The Advocate met Hon. Fred Douglass the other day and took occasion to question him concerning his views as to presidential candidates. After stating that he had no pet candidate of his own, he spoke of Senator Logan as a very available man and one caluclated to prosecute a campaign in which enthusiasm, unity and pure republicanism would be the leading features. He said further that in his opinion Senator Logan would make a good president for the colored people, for while it is true that before the war he was true to the traditions and prejudices of the democratic party, yet since he had allied himself with the republican party his course has been one of consistency, moral courage, political courage and Simon-pure republicanism, and who, if nominated, will crown the campaign with success, and administer affairs upon an heroic basis which will not pander to the vicious whims and prejudices of the people. He will see that a republican form of government is secured in every state where the rights of all classes will be enforced if not appreciated. "Old man eloquent" has not lost his wonderful powers and he will do yeoman service for the cause of republicanism in the coming campaign.

Read what "Argus" has to say about "Concealed Weapons." We indorse every word of it.

COL. R. G. INGERSOLL.

Of all the prominent men spoken of as delegates to the National Republican Convention, there is none more competent to represent the interests of the District than Robert G. Ingersoll. This gentleman possesses all the qualifications necessary to make an able, honest, consistent and persistent delegate. His eminent services in the counsels of the party leaders; his eloquence on the rostrum, which carried burning conviction to many a fence-rider; his boldness of assertion and his wonderful magnetism have made him one of the most conspicuous and at the same time, most useful and honored representatives of the Republican party. His very name inspires respect, and his influence would be wielded for the right and in the interest of the people of the District of Columbia. He is a man whose heart is clean and large, whose intellect is broad, and whose endeavors are stimulated by motives of the warmest patriotism, and comprehends the advancement of the rights of the poor and despised. He is eminently the friend of the colored man. He, of all the white men *now* fawning before the colored people of the District and holding out their hands for preferment, being the only one who regarded the rights of the black man of sufficient importance to speak out boldly in their defense.

If we are true to ourselves and will not be made to bend before the *forced* smile of the hungry office-seeker, R. G. Ingersoll will represent us and we will be made proud in the consciousness of having rewarded a man who is willing to "brook the eternal devil" in order to secure for us the rights we are now denied, and which all so much desire.

The usually well-informed correspondent of the Indianapolis *Leader* is very much at fault in the statement that all the facts desired as to the present condition of the colored people could be obtained from the Census. Were this a fact, there would, indeed, be no need of a Commission; but that it is not a fact can, we think, be easily proven.

Gen. Walker, before the Census was taken, but after all the facilities for taking it had been made, informed the writer that "in the matter of wealth, the results would show the aggregates of communities—not of races; no provision had been, or would be made for determining the exact contribution of the different races. In a few selected centers something might be done by which to estimate this within a somewhat narrow range."

We know exactly from the reports what is the population of each race; we know how many colored and whites are in the public schools; we know how many insane, deaf, dumb and blind we have; but we do not know what our strength is in agriculture, manufactures or mining. The classification of race is not made in "occupations," one of the most important of subjects. We think this correspondent will agree with us that this information would, in many respects, be invaluable to us. It should have been provided for in the Census; for then its accuracy could have been guaranteed to an extent which it is impossible to expect from even this "commission" with its limited powers and financial resources. But as it was not then provided for, we should approximate as near as it is possible under the provisions of the bill under consideration.

We are sorry to see The People's Advocate urging the miserable infidel Ingersoll for the Presidency. *The Elevator.*

"The Elevator" is the organ of Clark University, of Atlanta, Ga.

What a pang because of that which has never occurred! The Advocate has never urged Ingersoll for the Presidency; but if he were nominated we not only would vote for him, but would urge his election with all the energy we could command.

We would do so because of his broad humanitarian views which preclude the existence of any color line, and do not require any civil rights law.

If the American church practised what it professes to believe—"the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man" it would do more to convert Bob Ingersoll than any such denunciations as that quoted in "The Elevator."

Ingersoll can defend, at least to his satisfaction, his own religious views; but his every day practices are more in accordance with the spirit of the golden rule than that of the "majority" of the white ministers of the M. E. Church in the South. Besides, we do not see why a man should be proscribed on account of his religion, or the absence of it.

A STUPID RESOLUTION.

At the meeting of the District Republican Central Committee, George Holmes offered a a resolution denouncing Senator Sherman, Representative Kasson and Judge Cartter.

It is difficult to say what motive Holmes had for making such an ungenerous onslaught on these highly respectable gentlemen, but it is not improbable that his opposition grows either out of his stupidity and ignorance as to their character or that unaccountable perverseness which we frequently observe in some pot-house politicians, who would be the subject of profitable investment if they were bought for what they are really worth, and sold for what they estimate themselves to be worth. The gentlemen whose reputation Holmes would attempt to sully are too well known and highly respected and infinitely above the would-be calumniator to be affected by any attempts on his part to injure them. He would profit better by throwing spit-balls against a brick wall with the view of pulverizing it. The resolution was gloriously "sot" upon by Mr. E. D. Atkinson, who made no bones about showing up the animus of the demagogue who offered it.

Senator Sherman is a man whom every lover of his race should respect for his uncompromising devotion to the interests of the colored people, and his strict adherence to Republican principles. He is a man whose political record is free from taint, and it is to be deplored that a man pretending to know anything about politics should wilfully misrepresent his best political friends. The present investigation of the Danville and Copiah riots, a movement advocated and insisted upon by Senator Sherman should have been sufficient to satisfy Holmes of the Senator's friendship toward us. But "fools rush in where"——.

GAMBLING IN THE STREETS.

We have observed of late on divers occasions and in our most prominent thoroughfares that boys are indulging a species of gambling, which should be stopped at once. The game is called "Sweat," and is played by staking a penny or more on certain numbers, (which are marked on the sidewalk) the winner to be designated by the throwing of dice. This appears to be a very innocent method of cheatery, but when we consider that it is a step toward gambling and the cultivation of tastes for vicious habits we have reasons to become alarmed. The police should see to it that this gambling is stopped at once. Parents should be wary lest their children be led into temptation. Watch the sidewalks and remove the evil before it is too late.

Mr. Alexander Powell, president of the New York Colored Republican Association, is a wide awake, intelligent and genial gentleman. The influence, which his position and his relations with the President have permitted him to wield has been exerted in performing good service on behalf of the colored people. He has been instrumental in securing positions for colored ladies and gentlemen in number greater than that secured by all the colored representatives put together. For this Mr. Powell deserves the applause of the colored people, and we are not slow in extending him our hearty congratulations.

We have received a copy of "the outlines" of our History and Government by Rev. B. T. Tanner, a manual of reference, of the A. M. E. church. The first part contains a sketch of the history of the church in the snape of questions and answers. The second part treats of the discipline of the church. In the appendix is to be found quite a number of valuable papers, throwing light on the early history of the A. M. E. church, and interesting to every stu lent of the rise and progress of the colored churches in our country.

It is placed at the low price of $1.00, and can be had by addressing the author.

2908 W. Park Ave,
Philadelphia, Penn.

There will indeed be somewhat of a surprise if the republicans of Kansas fail to renominate Auditor McCabe after he has made so successfnl an officer. The Topeka *Times* is level on that subject, both as to political usage and practice in renominating a man when there is no good reason against him. On the other hand, judging from the Topeka *Tribune*, is some opposition against Auditor McCabe by envious colored politicians.

Contrary to report here, Gen. Robt. Smalls was nominated by acclamation last Monday to fill the unexpired term of the late E. W. M. Mackey. Well! Gen. Smalls is a good republican, fearless and aggressive. If he succeeds in redeeming the political promises which he made in the canvass, he will prove not only a faithful, but a successful representative. "He may not understand grammar, but he knows arithmetic."

By the Mexican reciprocity treaty, which was ratified Tuesday, our country gains much more than it loses. Mexico admits our manufactures; this especially helps the North and East. We receive among other things her sugar and her tobacco; this hurts such States as Connecticut, Kentucky, Virginia, North Carolina and the Gulf States, which it part explains the votes. As it was, one vote settled the business.

We call attention to the advertisement of "The Gray Mansion," found in another column. Mr. Gray deserves liberal patronage, and why, we will state at some future time.

From Portsmouth, Va.

The unlooked for discharge of all the employes of the construction department of the navy yard, of more than five hundred men, was quite a surprise. It is rumored that this department will continue closed until congress shall have made another appropriation. The result of which will greatly affect the circulation of money in the "twin cities."

"Tide-water Building Association," a colored enterprise, has been incorporated with a cash capital of $5000; they now own one of the finest sites in the city. Nelson Proctor is secretary and James Norcom president.

The result shown at the February examination in the public schools was quite gratifying both to teachers and patrons. Rev. E. H. Bolden presented to each of the three pupils who were perfect in spelling a very nice book.

Messrs. Cuffee & Corprew, colored gentlemen running wood-yards, have done excellent business this winter, having sold many hundred cords, and yet it is pleasant to look at their yards filled with the best of fuel.

The Excelsior Pleasure Club presented a fine appearance on the streets Friday, headed by a brass band; each member of the club wore a black silk cap, handsomely made blue shirt and black pants, each wielded a beautiful silver headed cane. May they excel!

The "Payne Historical Literary Society," under the auspices of Rev. W. G. Alexander, gave a literary treat last Tuesday evening at North-street A. M. E. church, when James E. Oliver, esq., read an interesting paper before them upon Law. The audience discussed "which has the greatest influence upon the child, the pulpit, press, or school?" Miss Gracie A. Rowan, a teacher in our public schools, ably defended the school. It was decided in favor of the pulpit.

I. Chas.

To the Editor of the Advocate.

A large proportion of the colored race, in this country, especially that part residing in the Southern States, are denied the rights of citizenship by a most powerful combination of crimes,—violence, murder and bloodshed that ever disgraced any civilizen nation! Nation l and State laws are alike defied by infuriated mobs.

It is true that religion has done much in establishing civilization among the heathen, and for the advancement of the people of all nations; but while the Southern whites have given themselves up to deeds of darkness and violence, how can good morals flourish among the Southern Negroes?

When outrage and murder are the first lessons taught by the ruling class; when social, political, and personal rights and liberties are trampled upon; when midnight maranders, armed with ropes and shot-guns, patrol the county, morality can have no place, for out of such a state of society will be developed a spirit of revenge and resistance to mob-law, destroying entirely the lessons of the most earnest teacher. Morality needs cultivation to make it grow and bring forth fruit meet for repentance. Thorns and thistles must be plucked up by the root and entirely destroyed, that the good seed may have ample room to grow and bring forth fruit to reward the sower. But this cannot be done when the will and liberty of our people are crushed beneath the iron heel of oppression.

We may wait forever for these troubles to settle themselves; generation after generation will pass away, and our status be no better than it is to-day. The fact is, our common rights must be established *first*, before the planting of the good seed can do the great work designed.

Liberate our people in the South; let them be free in deed, not merely in name; then plant in their midst the seeds of morality, and under the divine influence of true liberty the good seed will take root and grow until its branches shall cover the Southern soil, and our people shall eat their bread in peace, and drink the water of life that flows from the rock of eternal justice.

The mission of religion and good morals is to better the condition of mankind. When civil and political freedom is fully established; all State laws adopted by the people, independent of race or party, and constitutional law, in full force, receives the sanction of the people, then, and only then, will moral teaching be appreciated.

While innocent blood shed by rebel hate and party malice cries from the ground, can moral teaching quiet the brooding spirit of revenge? We hold that the condition of the colored race in the South cannot be bettered morally while denied the freedom conferred by the amended constitution and the National and State statutes. First, let us have equal and just laws for all people alike, ENFORCED, and then God speed the sowing of the seed of good morals,—then, and not till then, will the Nation be enabled to step forward, keeping time to the angel chant.

"Peace on earth, good will to man."

M. Howard.

Annapolis Announcements.

Sunday, March 9, all the churches were poorly attended in the morning from the inclemency of the weather.

At Mt. Moriah A. M. E. the pastor, Rev. J. M. Cargill, filled the pulpit all day.

At Asbury M. E., the pastor, Rev. J. A. Holmes, 11 a. m., and at 7:30 to the Knights of Jerusalem lodge, who made a very handsome appearance.

Ae 3 p. m., the funeral of Mrs. Mary M. Pinkney, from A. M. E. church was attended by two orders, the Host of Israel and Isaac and Rebecca. She has long been a great sufferer. Rev. J. A. Holmes officiated, assisted by Rev. J. M. Cargill.

On last Thursday Mrs. Maria Mitchell died suddenly of heart disease at her residence on Washington-st. Her funeral took place last Saturday from Asbury M. E. church. Rev. J. A. Holmes officiated. The order Host of Israel attended. She leaves a husband and five small children to mourn her loss.

St. Philips P. E., 7:30, Rev. Wm. S. Southgate, rector of St. Ann's P. E., preached and administered the Lord's Supper. The fair recently held by the ladies for the benefit of this church realized the sum of $102 in ten days.

The reunion which took place March 6th a Asbury M. E. church was a grand success. Mt. Moriah A. M. E. was represented by Revs. J. M. Cargill and T. E. Burley; St. Philip's P. E. by Dr. Wm. Bishop; Asbury M. E. by Rev. J. A. Holmes. Col. David Young having sold the most tickets for the occasion was presented with a splendid watch.

As previously announced, the celebration of Lady Washington Tea Party was repeated on Monday, March 10th to a good house. The speakers on that occasion were Messrs. Wm. Calhoun, Augustus Usher, Robert Davis, Joseph Pinkney, John B. Anderson and Rev. Thos. E. Burley, who made the welkin ring. Gen. and Mrs. Mary Washington feeling indisposed, did not appear, but Prof. Cronner made up the deficiency with his select and choice pieces.

Nothing has been done thus far by our people in securing a burial place. Our city cemetery will be closed to all, April 1st, except those having lots or vaults. A meeting should be called at once and arrangements perfected to make suitable provision for the coming issue. Every grave now opened two dead bodies are taken up to put down one.

G.

Pastor's Farewell Report.

Rev. N. M. Carroll, who has been the successful pastor of Asbury M. E. Church of this city for three years, preached his farewell sermons last Sunday morning and evening to very large congregations, and many were unable to gain admission. Morning suoject, "Watchfulness." Text 1 Cor., 16:13. "Watch ye, stand fast in the faith," etc. Evening subject, "Finally Brethren Farewell." Text 2 Cor., 11:13.

These sermons will be long remembered by his many sorrowfull hearers. During the delivery of these sermons the house was bathed in tears.

The pastor then presented the following report of three years work:

"I entered this station April 1, 1881. I was cordially received and made welcome. Sermons delivered, 338; prayer meetings, 519; pastoral visits, 4,800; prayers by the sick, 638; funerals, 162; baptisms, 104; marriages, 74; communions, 36; love feasts, 24; leaders and steward meetings held, 154; trustees meetings, 40; Sunday school board meetings, 36; camp-meetings, 3; visited the Sunday school, 298 times; deaths, 81; received on probation, 203; received by letter, 54; removed by letter, 31; withdrawn, 6; unknown members, 72; expelled from the church, 24; members absent from the city, 16; number of probationeers on roll, 30; number of full members, 1060. increase 170; males, 240; females, 820; Sunday schools, 1; officers and teachers, 34; volumes in library, 560; number of scholars on the roll, 500. The entire church is now in a very healthy condition. Monies collected during the three years of my ministry, as follows:

By the trustees of the church, $3616.65; by the stewards of the church, $1880.25; benevolent collections, $924; Daughters of the Conference, $175; Sunday school, $438.18; grand total $13,034.08; in hand to build a parsonage, $428.39.

A grand reception was tendered to the pastor and the official members of the church on the 25th of February, a full account of which was published in The Advocate, at which time the pastor was presented with a very fine suit of clothes, including hat, boots, neckties and etc., and other valuable articles. Mr. Carroll left for the Conference to be held at Lynchburg, Va., on Monday 10th. Who Mr. Carroll's successor will be is not yet known.

They Don't Know.

Mr. Editor:—The *Bee* of last week said that the music at the Literary was not what it should be, or something to that effect. Now, I know from experience that there is not an individual connected with the *Bee*, either editorially or reportorially, from the editor-in-chief to the printer's devil, who has the faintest knowledge or smallest idea of music in any shape, form, or fashion. Not one of them knows an harmonious combination of sounds, artistically executed, from the wild, furious and discordant cyclone of the West, which uproots trees, overturns houses, and lays waste and desolation wherever it touches. The *Bee* hears a *sound*, but does not know whence it cometh or whither it goeth.

Sagittarius.

- Mr. W. H. Anderson of the editorial staff of the Detroit *Plain-Dealer* has spent several days in our city. Mr. Anderson also holds a very responsible position in one of the largest mercantile establishments of the former city.

The People's Advocate.

SATURDAY, MARCH 15, 1884.

AGENTS.

Gen'l Cromwell Gen'l Ag't for Phila.
Washington..... {G. B. Anderson.
" ..... {G. W. Renfro.
New Bedford, Mass..... Wm. H. Carney.
New York ..... M. F. Hamlin.

ADVERTISING NOTICES.

Business and special notices are 5 cents a line.
Advertisements, send for rates.

All communications should be address-THE PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE, Bhx 263, Washington, D. C.

WHERE TO GET YOUR ADVOCATE

Mrs. J. A Polkaty, 1218 M street northwest, Washington, D. C.
H. B. Polkinhorn, next door to Post Office.
People's Book Store, 1747 7th st. N. W.
J. H. Beller, Druggist, 16th and M Sts., N. W.
R T. Hill & Co., Richmond, Va.
Office of the Literary Enterprise, 156 6th Avenue, Niw York City.

LOCAL AGENTS.

East Washinton H. G. Camper.
West Washington, Miss A. S. V. Jones and J. L. Turner.

LOCAL.

—Hon. B. K. Bruce has gone to Hot Springs, Ark., to remain at least a month.

Wanted.—50 boys, apply at 714 K street, northwest.

—Mr. Davis has made a canvass of the Pension-office, and has sold 246 tickets for the Davis, Beaty and Davis enterlainment at Fords.

—T. K. Richardson, the practical tailor will be pleased to see his friends at 615 L street, N. W. tf.

—Mr. George W. McWill is confined to his room by severe illness. He and the family have our sympathy.

—The revival at Rev. Robert Johnson's church has closed; but that at Rev. John H. Brooks' continues.

—Mr. Henry Coleman, who was severely injured at the Department of Justice some time ago, is now improving and his recovery is possible.

—T. K. Richardson, the practical tailor (late of the firm of Banks & Richardson) still continues his trade at 615 L street, N. W. tf.

—Miss Maria Tompkins, who has been suffering from inflamatory rheumatism for some time, is now able to be around much to the gratification of her many friends.

—On account of the rain the memorial services of Wendell Phillips were not held last Sunday by the Baptist union, but they will take place the second Sunday in April at the Fourth church.

—It is rumored that a marriage will take place soon in the vicinity of 17th-st northwest; the contracting parties being a well known society lady and one of our deserving friends.

—If you wish fashionable suits for winter wear, call on T. K. Richardson, the practical tailor, at 615 L St., N. W. tf.

—The ladies of Shiloh church are now holding a fair for the benefit of said church. The effort is for the early completion of the church and every one who can spare the time and means should patronize the fair liberally.

Wanted.—50 boys, apply at 714 K street, northwest.

—Revs. Peck, Brown and Griffin, three presiding elders of the M. E. Conference, passed through the city on Monday, en route for Lynchburg, Va., to attend the Washington Conference.

—The church social given under the auspices of the Women's Aid Society of the Lincoln Memorial church last week was a success. The Glee Club of Howard University and the choir of the church rendered good music. Miss Clara Green and Miss Clara Desverney sang solos, and Miss E. M. Collins gave a select reading.

—Rev. Sheldon Jackson, who has spent many years as a missionary in Alaska, will deliver an address on the missionary work in that country at the 15th Street Presbyterian church next Sunday at 4 o'clock.

—Don't fail to go to Bethel Hall next Thursday and Friday evenings, the 20th and 21st inst., to the Mother Hubbard entertainment, to be given by Bethel Sunday school. The members of the school, will as usual, aim to give enjoyment to their many friends. Admission only ten cents.

—Mr. R. E. Boston, one of our most highly respected citizens, and usher at the All Souls church, died last Monday of dropsy, in his 54th year. He leaves a wife and several children, all of whom are left well provided for. The funeral took place on Wednesday at 3 o'clock, p. m. It is stated that he was worth $20,000. The bereaved family have the profound sympathy of many friends, including THE ADVOCATE.

—The intelligence has reached the city of the death of Ephraim Toombs, at the residence of his mother, at Lewisburg, Pa. The deceased, who was quite well known in this city, was a shoemaker by trade, and later a law student. He was the nephew of E. D. Nelson, the undertaker, and was a member of John F. Cook lodge, No. 1185, G. U. O. of O. F.

—A sprightly looking, elderly lady approached Mr. Cromwell last Tuesday night at the Bethel Literary, and said: "Did I understand you to mention the name of John Chavis, the first known colored Presbyterian preacher?" "Yes," said he. "He was my father's brother," was the reply. "He was a graduate of Hamden-Sydney college, where he was a student before the revolutionary war; he died at Raleigh, N. C."

—Mrs. H. C. Tyson is still very ill at her home in Fayetteville, N. C.

—The graduation exercises of the Medical Department of Howard University last Monday night attracted the usually large crowd. Two colored gentlemen, Mr. Thomas Martin, of this city, and Mr. Norwood of North Carolina, were among the graduates. Gen. O. O. Howard, the founder of the University, who was present, was called on for an address. Dr. Purvis delivered the charge to the class, and Mr. Lamb delivered the valedictory.

Dr. Huntly, who is to deliver his lecture on "The girl to love and how to treat her," at the 15th-street Presbyterian church as advertised in this week's issue, is regarded as one of the ablest men in the Methodist church. Prior to his appointment here he was president of the University of Wisconsin where his reputation is thoroughly established as a finished scholar and teacher. This lecture was delivered a few weeks ago at the Hamline church and was most favorably commented upon by those who heard it, and by the daily press. The lecture is by no means of a sentimental character, but is replete with practical advice and pure common sense. It is a rare opportunity, let no one miss it.

Jon W. Locks one of the most prominent colored men of Baltimore, Md., died last week. At his death he was a trustee of Bethel church in that city; prominent in Odd Fellow circles, and president of the Chesapeake Marine Railway, the most successful business organization conducted by colored men in the United States. Among the attendants at the funeral was Hon. Frederick Douglass, who had been acquainted with Mr Locks for more than fifty years.

Wanted.—50 boys, apply at 714 K street, northwest.

BETHEL LITERARY

"Our Colored Churches" was the title of the paper at Bethel Literary. G. M. Arnold and C. J. Malord delivered entertaining speeches on "emotional religion," and the paper was discussed by Rev. W. H. Brooks and by Messrs. R. J. Smith, James Dean and and Hon. J. H. Rainey. A duett entitled "Harp and Wind," by Misses Julia Bush and Amelia Wallace, and a solo by Mr. John F. Waters were well received. Miss Estelle V. Wood accompanied the singers with her usual grace. Mr. Cromwell's address, by request, will be published in full in these columns.

A Reception.

The parlors of Mr. Archie Lewis, at 426 M-street, northwest, on the evening of the 29th ult., were indeed a picture of extreme gayety. A number of gentlemen gave on this occasion a return reception, complimentary to the ladies who recently gave them a leap year party at the above-named place.

Beauty and grace intermingled with the sterner portion of the company held sway, while Mr. Krause furnished some of his choice and latest music. A continued round of pleasure to the time of waltzes, such as the charming "Woman's Love," "My Queen," "My Dream" etc., etc., was kept up until interrupted only by a march, which was a signal to gather around the festive board where the usual sweets etc., that claim a place on the programme at such entertainments greeted the eye. The ladies could not have appeared better than on this evening attired in lovely, delicate and blending shades of silks, satins and buntings, which were relieved by a large corsage bouquet, of choice flowers provided for each lady by the gentlemen. Dancing was kept up until after 1 o'clk., when the party was rapidly "wheeled" to their respective homes, the uniform sentiment being, "Oh, what a glorious time we have had."

The ladies present were Misses Maggie Lewis, Lena Champ, Emma King, Emma Scott, Bessie Johnson, Bessie Smith, Bessie Cook, Virgie Lewis, Hattie Bruce, Mattie Bruce, Daisy Coleman, Lula Stewart, Mamie Nichols, Mary Evans, and Florella Tucker.

West Washington Notes

Mr. Hatly W. Tanner, of Philadelphia, Pa., paid a flying visit to Miss Alice S. V. Jones this week.

Mrs. Catharine Craig, the mother of Mrs. Elizabeth West, an aged and estimable lady, is lying dangerously ill at her residence.

The funeral of Mrs. Maggie Beckett took place Sunday at 3 o'clock, p. m., Revs. Wm. Brown and James Briscoe officiating. The interment was at the Young Men's cemetery.

Mrs. C. Hamilton left last Thursday for Annapolis, Md.

The fair at the mission on West P-st closed on last Friday evening. On that evening the jar of beans was counted. Mrs. C. Hamilton having guessed the highest number was awarded the first prize, a barrel of flour, and Mr. Wm. Jackson the second prize, a ton of coal.

East Washington Notes.

The friends of Mrs. W. H. Grimshaw will be pleased to learn that she is slowly improving, and her physician thinks with care she will speedily recover.

The congregation of Ebenezer church made up a purse and presented it to Rev. Pinkney to purchase a new overcoat to wear to conference as a mark of high esteem.

A musical and literary entertainment was given at Israel church Monday evening at which an excellent programme was rendered, including a paper on aesthetic culture by Miss Annie Curtain; a paper on excellence of wisdom, a quartette by Misses Laura and Lydia Malvin, Louis Wayne and Thomas Williams; songs by Mrs. Bruce, Mr. Hayson and Mrs. Stevenson.

It is to be regretted that Rev. Draper does not expect to return to Central church of this city. We are sorry to lose so able a man as Rev. Draper and hope he may be provided with a good station.

The congregation of Ebenezer church instructed their pastor, Rev. Pinkney, to extend an invitation to the next annual conference to meet at Ebenezer M. E. church, this city.

South Washington Notes.

The funeral of Rev. Bailor, pastor of Rehoboath Baptist church, took place on Sunday March 9th, from the above-named church, and was attended by a large number of persons despite the inclement weather. Rev. R. S. Laws, of Virginia avenue Baptist church, officiated being assisted by Revs. William Gibbons and W. H. Phillips, of Arkansas. Rev. Laws preached from Matt. 25, 21 v., and dwelt on the faith services rendered by the deceased, he having been a minister of the Gospel for twenty-eight years. The pall-bearers were Rev. W. B. Jefferson, T. S. Robinson, Joseph Matthews, B. L. Phillips, P. Hayes and P. Lewis. Interment was had at Graceland cemetary.

Rev. Bailor was sick only about two days, and his is the third sudden death in this section within one week.

A very interesting meeting of the teachers of the third grade was held on Tuesday last in the school taught by Miss A. R. Brown in the Randall Building. The studies taught were reading and language. They were given in the presence of the teachers of that grade, the Supervising Principals and Superintendent G. F. T. Cook.

The teacher was in her usual happy mood, and the little ones encouraged thereby went through with their work nicely, and to the satisfaction of all present.

JUSTINE.

Grand Jubilee and Thirty-third Anniversary

OF THE JOHN WESLEY A. M. E. ZION CHURCH, CONN. AVE., BET. L AND M STREETS, MARCH 17, 18, 19, 20 AND 21, 1884.

The classes will occupy tables in said church on the above date. The church will be represented in three stages of its history:

On Tuesday night, March 18th, will be represented as it was in the early stage, and reunion of all the old members.

On Thursday night, March 20th, it will be represented as it was at its middle stage.

On Friday night, March 21st, it will be represented as it is at the present time.

SERVICES.—On Sunday, March 23d a sermon will be preached at 11 a. m., by Bishop J. J. Moore, D. D., on the Unpardonable Sin. At 2:30 p. m., by Bishop J. W. Hood, D. D., one of his famous sermons. At 7.30 p. m., by Bishop S. T Jones, D. D., the former pastor.

The following choirs will be present and will render some of their choice pieces during the week:

On Monday night, March 17th, the Sunday school choir of Mt. Zion church Georgetown, and Union Wesley A. M. E. Z.

On Tuesday night, March 18th, the Nineteenth-st. Baptist church choir.

On Wednesday night, March 19th, Wesley Zion church choir of South Washington.

On Thursday night, March 20th, Shilo Baptist choir, L-st., and Galbraeth Chapel choir.

On Friday night, March 21st, John Wesley church choir.

The Union Bethel church choir will sing on Sunday, the 23d, at 2.30 p. m.

A collection at each service on Sunday for the new church.

The person selling the largest number of tickets will be rewarded with a silver watch.

The person bringing in the largest amount of money on their punch cards will receive $5.00.

The leader of the class returning the largest amount of money from their table will receive a barrel of flour.

Admission, 10 cents. Committee of arrangements: C. Robinson, L. Pennington, W. H. Johnson, H. Brooks, R. Bowie G. L. Joy. Rev. J. S. Cowles, pastor.

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"BRUNO, MY PRESERVER."

BY HELEN HARCOURT

It always had a great attraction for me, that grand old painting, hanging in the place of honor on the wall.

It is not often that we children were permitted to enter the (to us) sacred room which held that picture, for it was the state parlor of the old family homestead, and only thrown open on extra occasions, when the children and grandchildren met together at Thanksgiving and Christmas.

It was a noble painting, representing in the foreground a beautiful black and white setter dog, seated on a wolf skin, and at his side, in the act of clasping a collar around his neck, knelt a young man in the uniform of a soldier of the Revolution. Both were life-size, and apart from the rare physical beauty of both man and dog, there were two points that always invited my admiring gaze; the one, a line of gilt letters around the dog's broad, blue collar, and reading, "Bruno, My Preserver;" the other, the singular appearance of the young soldier's head, its crown being entirely bald, although a thick growth of curly brown hair covered the rest of the scalp, rendering the whitish spot in the center all the more conspicious.

This soldier, they told me, was my great-grandfather, and some day, when I was older, and could understand all about it, I would be permitted to read the story that belonged to that picture, as written by the chief actor himself.

I can remember how eagerly I looked forward to this promised day, for although I knew the tale by heart from the lips of others, what was that to reading all about it, in my great-grandfather's own handwriting, just as if he was talking to me himself.

But the time came at last, in spite of my impatient complaints that "it never would come:" and so, one day, curled up comfortably in a cozy corner, I opened the old, faded, time-worn manuscript, and this is what I read.

To my descendants, I, Richard Nevin, late Colonel in the Continental Army, do bequeath this narrative, that it, together with the picture that I have caused to be painted, may go down from father to son, as an heirloom in my family, and thus forever keep fresh the memory of the truest friend that I, their ancestor, ever had; nay more than a friend—the preserver of my life.

When, on the fourth day of July, 1776, our Colonial statesmen, in Congress assembled, declared this our noble country free and independent of King George and his servants, my decision was made on the instant.

I was rich, and the eldest son of one of the oldest families in the State of New York, and there were not wanting those who sought to allure me over to the other side of the British King, by promises of high dignities and rank.

There was one strong temptation to yield to their persuasions, I admit. I was on the point of being married to a lovely young girl, the daughter of an English resident of New York City, and if I espoused in the cause of my country, I knew that my marriage must not only be postponed, but in all probability broken off forever.

I loved Jennie Upham with my whole heart and soul, and if she had added her persuasions to the rest, I might have been weak enough to have done violence to my sense of duty and honor; but this is what she said to me, when I went to her for counsel:

"You are an American, Richard, your duty is to cling to your countrymen, for you believe them to be right. Go, dear! I, who am an English girl, shall honor you all the more for girding on your sword, against your temporal interests, in a cause that your heart tells you is a righteous one. Richard—let me whisper it in your ear for it would never do to let my father know it—I, too think your countrymen are right. They have just cause to rise up in revolt. Go, then, without fear for me; I will be true to our troth, and some day, in better times, God will let us meet again."

We did meet again, sooner than either of us had anticipated, and for the purpose of firing a bomb into our enemy's camp. Before I had been away six months, Jennie summoned me to come to New York, in disguise, with all possible speed, and it so happened that I was at once able to comply with her request.

Good cause had my poor Jennie to summon me to her aid. Her father, enraged at what he called my treason to King George, had determined to compel his daughter to marry immediately one Wiltberger, a man who had been my rival from the first, and had declared that he would sooner or later, be revenged upon me for defeating him in his suit.

I saw but one way out of the trouble. A woman cannot have two husbands, so I proposed to Jennie to marry me, then and there, and thus protect herself from any future plots against her peace. This plan would effectually route Wiltberger from the field; and as to Jennie's father, we knew very well that, once he found the matter taken out of his hands, he would accept the situation quietly, after the first tempest had exhausted itself.

Well, Jennie consented, and we were married by our own rector, who knew all the circumstances, and promised to look after my beloved bride, should her father make any more trouble for her.

I had no time to linger in New York; not only was I in danger as a proscribed rebel, but I was needed at the head of my company. So, scarcely were the solemn words spoken that made us man and wife ere we parted to meet—as we knew not then—under widely different circumstances.

My company, with several others, under command of Col. Dayton, was ordered to march immediately to Fort Stanwix—an old, half-ruined fortification on the banks of the Mohawk—for the purpose of repairing and occupying it and protecting our then Northern and Western frontiers from the incursions of the Six Nations, whom the British had induced to take up the tomahawk in their service.

Already Brandt, their chief sachem, had been threatening the valley of the Mohawk, and so it became imperative to repair the old fort, which had been neglected ever since its erection in 1758.

We worked hard, and in a few weeks had the fortification in first rate order, and rechristened after our General—Fort Schuyler.

Then followed a period of rest. Neither Indians nor British were in the neighborhood just then. Their aggressions had ceased for a time, and so we beguiled our idle hours by hunting.

Wherever I went on these excursions, I was accompanied by my dog, Bruno; in fact, he never allowed me to get out of his sight night or day, and his demonstrative attachment to me was a matter of wonder among my comrades.

One morning—it was in the spring of 1777—I started out to hunt, as usual, accompanied by two soldiers of my company and, of course Bruno. We had discovered a wolf's den the day before, had chased the animal in and stopped its place of exit; and now, provided with ropes, we were prepared to beard, not the lion, but the wolf in his den.

A couple of hour's march brought us to the spot, and then the question was how to get at the animal, for it had taken refuge in a small cavern, with an opening in one side.

Not to go back to the fort without having killed that wolf, was my firm resolve; for it was a she wolf, whose yearly litters of whelps were the scourge of the country, and the destruction of whole flocks of sheep.

The young ones were usually killed before the close of the first season, but the mother was too cunning to be caught, until now that we had succeeded in bringing her to bay in her den.

We built a fire at the mouth of the cavern, hoping the smoke would drive her out; but it had no effect, except to elicit a few angry growls.

Nothing then remained but to go boldly inside of the cavern, with a lighted torch in one hand and a musket in the other, and confront the creature singlehanded, for the entrance, and the crooked passage beyond, were both too narrow to permit of two persons entering at once—the cavern being, in fact, little more than a tunnel.

Neither of the soldiers caring to venture on this dangerous undertaking, I threw off my coat, tied a strong rope to my ankle, by which to signal to the men, if aught went amiss and I needed assistance; took a torch in one hand, my musket in the other, and ordering Bruno to remain on the outside, to his great disgust, I cautiously entered the cavern.

At first I saw nothing, heard nothing, but just beyond the first abrupt turn I caught the gleam of two bright eyes peering through the darkness, and heard a menacing growl.

At the same moment other sounds reached my ears from the outside of the cavern; a shout, two or three musket shots and Bruno barking furiously; knowing that the men would not stir from the entrance while I was within, I supposed that a kid or rabbit had appeared close by, to draw forth their fire; I had enough to do to attend to my own affairs just then, so I gave the matter no further consideration.

Raising my torch, I threw its full glare upon the crouching form of the wolf, and then, as it made a sudden spring toward me, I raised my musket and fired. The wolf was wounded but not killed, so I emptied my pistol into her, and exulting in the death of the robber who had cheated our men of their dinner, only two days before, by killing all of our sheep, I stooped down to cast loose the rope from my ankle and make it fast to the dead wolf.

Scarcely had I touched the knot however, when a powerful jerk was given the rope that threw me prone on my face, and then I was dragged toward the entrance with a rapidity that tore my clothing to rags and bruised and scratched me from head to foot.

That the soldiers had mistaken my efforts to untie the rope as the signal we had agreed upon in case of accident, was naturally my sole idea, and I wished with all my heart that they had been less zealous.

Thumping along against the rough edges of the rock, I managed to call out there was no need to haul on the rope; I felt sure I must have been heard, yet the dragging continued; I shouted again, and this time was answered by a hoarse exultant laugh.

Before I had time to grasp the meaning of this strange reply, I was jerked out into the broad light of day, and the first object my dazzled eyes rested upon was the dead bodies of my two faithful soldiers, scalped and weltering in their blood, while four Indians were engaged in stripping off their clothing.

I had no time to think; I only felt the horror of it, as if I myself was only a spectator, and not the next victim.

I struggled to my feet, and then turned and faced the man who held the rope that had placed me at such a fearful disadvantage. My musket was empty, and he knew it, having doubtless heard the two reports in the cavern; so he only laughed derisively, when I, forgetting that fact in my excitement, raised quickly to fire upon him.

That laugh! I had heard it before, and it betrayed the man, even through his elaborate disguise as an Indian chief. It was Wiltberger.

I felt there was no escape from the toils of my enemy, but I resolved not to die without a struggle; so, grasping my musket by the barrel, I raised it to strike him down, but on the instant, with another burst of laughter, he jerked the rope, and again I was thrown prone upon the earth, utterly at his mercy.

A short, sharp bark apprised me that Bruno was uninjured, and, just as the glint of Wiltberger's dagger flashed in my eyes, I saw a dark object spring to his throat with a fierce growl; simultaneously a sudden, sharp pain smote me in the side, but the sharp weapon aimed straight at my heart, had been diverted to a less fatal spot. For some moments I was just conscious enough to know that Bruno was keeping a tenacious grip on the man's throat, and that the Indians were too much absorbed in their occupation of robbing the dead to observe their leader's plight.

Dimly I saw the struggle between the two, the man and the dog, the former being too eager in the effort to loosen those terrible teeth fastened in his throat to use dagger or pistol. I saw Wiltberger fall prostrate, the dog still holding on, and then I must have fainted.

A frightful pain in my head brought me back to conciousness, but so slowly that I had time to recognize the meaning of it.

The savages were scalping me.

God only knows how I found strength of nerve to lie perfectly still, without a quiver, while the horrible knife completed the circle of my head, and the scalp was jerked loose. The memory of it sickens me!

It must have been the thought of Jennie that saved me. I remember that in the midst of my agony I reasoned thus:

"The wound in my side is not very serious. I am young and strong. I have heard of men being scalped, and yet recovering. If I can only feign death till the Indians are gone, I may yet live to go back to Jennie. Help me, O, my God! give me strength!"

The crown of my head, its raw, bleeding scalp exposed to the air, felt as if molten lead were being poured upon it, but by a miracle, it seems to me, I stirred not a muscle or nerve, until the savages departed, having added my clothing to that they had taken from the soldiers.

Once satisfied that they were really gone, I tried to rise, but found I could not move. I called Bruno, but for the first time in his life he failed to respond to my voice, and, sorely pressed as I was myself, the tears came to my eyes as I thought of my faithful dog lying dead—dead in my defense.

After this I can recall nothing, until I opened my eyes, and found myself lying on my own pallet at the fort, and saw the sweet face of my gentle wife bending over me like that of a pitying angel.

For days I was content to see her face there and to ask no questions; but, as my strength came slowly back, the power of thought and memory returned, and then the questions drew forth the following:

When I had called Bruno in vain, it had not been because he was dead, thank heaven, but because he had started off at full speed for the fort, to secure aid for his helpless master. His return alone, when every one knew that he could not be coaxed to leave me for an minute, created instant attention; and when, seizing hold of one of the officers, my particular friend, he tried to drag him to the gate of the stockade, there was no difficulty in finding plenty to follow him.

Trotting steadily before them, Bruno led the party straight to the spot where I lay unconscious. There were the dead bodies of the two soldiers, and of another man dressed as an Indian, the mode of death of the latter perplexing the men until I was able to explain it, there being no wound about him except a ragged tear in his throat, which had severed the jugular vein.

Thoroughly had Bruno revenged his master before setting off to bring the help that saved his life.

The bodies were buried there on the spot by one squad of soldiers, while another bore me the fort.

Within two days thereafter, Jennie, too reached the fort, seeking my protection, and ignorant of what had just occurred. Her father had died suddenly, reconciled to us both; and Wiltberger, having continued to persecute her in spite of the knowledge that she was my wife, she resolved to come to me for shelter.

A strong constitution, aided by her tender nursing, brought me safely through such an ordeal as few men have survived.

But what would my strength or her love have availed without the noble dog who first slew his master's foe and then brought him help? Therefore, that the memory of my faithful friend may live in the hearts of my descendants, I have caused this picture to be painted, as a memorial, and have written here of the valiant devotion of "Bruno, My Preserver."

Children's Drolleries.

Not long since a correspondent sent to a provincial paper an anecdote of which his 6-year-old boy was the hero. He says: "I keep a shop and sell fancy goods. A gentleman came in to buy something. It was early, and my little boy and I were alone in the house at the time. The gentleman gave me a sovereign, and I had to go up stairs to my cash-box. Before doing so, I went into the little room next to the shop and said to the boy: "Watch the gentleman, that he don't steal anything;' and I put him on the counter. As soon as I returned, he sang out: "Pa, he didn't steal anything—I watched him.' You can imagine what a position I was in."

Children's questions are often no less embarrassing than they are amusing, as may be instanced in the story of the mercenary little boy who overheard a conversation respecting a wedding that was soon to take place. At breakfast the next morning he recalled the subject by asking the following question: "Papa, what do they want to give the bride away for? Can't they sell her?"

At a whale exhibition, a youngster is said to have asked his mamma if the whale that swallowed Jonah had as large a mouth as the one before them, why didn't Jonah walk out at one corner?

"You must think Jonah was a fool; he didn't want to walk out and get drowned," was the quick reply of a younger brother, before the mother could answer.

It is related of another infant inquirer who was looking with great interest at a foaming pan of milk, that he suddenly exclaimed: "Mamma, where do cows get milk from?" "Where do you get your tears?" was the answer. After a thoughtful silence, in which the mention of tears had evidently recalled certain associations, he again broke out: "Mamma, do cows have to be spanked?"

On seeing a house being whitewashed, a small boy of 3 wanted to know if the house was going to be shaved. A lady, when admiring the stars on a bright night in a tropical climate, was suddenly asked in the most innocent way, by her little son of 5 years, if those were the nails that held up heaven.

A boy who had always refused to eat oatmeal, in spite of his mother's urgings that it was a strengthening diet, suddenly surprised her one morning by eating a liberal plateful and calling for more. Upon his mother asking for an explanation, he replied: "I am bound to eat oatmeal till I am strong enough to whip Johnny Scott."

Little Freddie, when visiting a neighbor's house, was offered a piece of bread and butter, which he accepted, but without any show of gratitude. "What do you say, Freddie?" hinted the lady, expecting him to say "Thank you." "I say it ain't cake," was the impolite response.

The father of a family, after reading from the morning paper that the cold the night before was intense, the thermometer registering many degrees below freezing point, said: "Now, children, I suppose you are taught all about that at school. Which of you can tell me what the freezing point is?" "The point of my nose, papa," was the prompt reply from one of the youngsters.

A gentleman somewhat advanced in life and who was never remarkable for his good looks, asked his grandchild what he thought of him. The boy's parents were present. The youngster made no reply. "Well, why won't you tell me what you think of me?" "'Cause I don't want to get licked," was the answer.

A mother once showed her child a beautiful doll, a St. John, of fine make and color. "See," she said, "he has been very good; and heaven always rewards the good by making them beautiful." "Oh," said the child, lifting its shoulders, "don't believe that, mamma. This little St. John looks very meek because he's all glued up but if he could only move, you'd see!"

The following remark of a little girl shows an opinion of her elders the reverse of flattering. "O, dear!" she exclaimed to her doll, "I do wish you would sit still. I never saw such an uneasy thing in my life. Why don't you act like grown folks, and be still and stupid for a while.—*Chambers' Journal.*

A young lady in New York City, who was accosted by a well-dressed man in an insulting manner, accepted the offer of an old woman, who was grabbing in an ash barrel close by, to "cover him with ashes for ten cents." The man was pelted with handfuls of ashes, covering him from head to foot, before he could escape. The old dame was rewarded with a quarter.

This country is never without its evil. Just about the time the fly disappears, politics begin to get active.

ONLY WHAT SHE HAD HEARD.

Says Mrs. Brown,
Of Slandertown,
"It may or may not be;
I only tell—
You know me well—
What folks have told to m

"They say that Fife
And his young wife
Get on quite awful, dear;
They scold and fight
Both day and night
Or that is what I hear.

"And who would think
That Smith should drink
The way he does, good Lord!
Or so they say;
My dear, I pray
You will not take my word.

"And there's Miss Burt,
The saucy flirt,
She's badly talked about;
Such frightful things,
It blushes brings
To tell them, 'pon my word,

"O dear, they say
The other day
That Rev. Dr. Bird
And Miss Montcalm
Went arm-in-arm
Down Broadway—so I heard."

Says Mrs. Jones,
In chilling tones,
"You have quick ears, my dear,
Just fill them full
With cotton wool;
You hear too much, I fear."

Shadow Pantomimes.

The plan adopted for the performances is where two apartments are connected by folding doors, for when the doors are thrown back the screen has simply to be fitted to the opening; however, as this advantage is not always available, a little management is required to prevent the light from showing over, and at the sides of the screen. This can be easily done by stretching a line across the room, close to the ceiling, and hanging thereon carpets, or any other piece of opaque drapery.

The screen is a square of muslin or calico strained on a common wooden frame by means of tacks. The cloth must be drawn tight and smooth, as the least wrinkle or bagging will quite spoil the effect of the representation. To get it started the best way is to begin by fastening the corners, and then putting a tack in the center of each of the four sides. If it is done in any other manner it will be certain to bag. The material for the screen may either be a sheet, which having been immersed in water, is wrung out and tacked on a frame, or a few yards of the cheapest calico got for the purpose. The former is open to objections. Ladies in general object to having their house-linen torn and iron molded by nails; besides which there is the trouble and delay of putting it on the frame, to which it could not be properly attached before the sheet would dry. On the other hand, by having the screen "en permanence" these drawbacks are obviated, and the calico would cost considerable less than the sheet. In preparing a permanent screen, after it has been strained, the following method will be found to answer best: To coat the calico with linseed oil, lay it on with a painting brush until it is semi-transparent; or should it be desired to be very white, virgin wax dissolved in spirits of turpentine may be used.

The light is managed by having a small tin cup, in the bottom of the inside of which a piece of twisted wire should be soldered, to hold some cotton to serve as a wick; around this there is to be put some tallow; that cut from candles is best, any other kind of waste fat is often impregnated with salt, which causes the wick to spit and splutter. The fat should be pressed down close all around, leaving about a quarter of an inch or so of the cotton sticking up. On lighting this it will burn on, melting the tallow until it becomes a sea of almost boiling grease. The cup should be placed in an earthenware pan or bowl, which latter ought to be filled to the top with sand, on or in which the cup should be placed. This is a very necessary precaution, as should the lamp by any chance be overturned, the hot grease would be absorbed by the sand.

The performance—Having arrranged all these preliminaries, viz., the screen tightly strained and fitted in its place, and the lamp prepared and lighted, the pantomime may commence. The light being laid on the floor about four or five feet from the center of the screen, the auditorium is of course left in complete darkness, as otherwise the shadows thrown by the actors on the screen would not be evident.

Should any lady or gentleman be so obliging as to play a few lively airs on the piano as an overture, it will add greatly to the effect.

All those not actually engaged in the performance, but who are behind the screen waiting to come on, must be particular to keep to the back of the light, or the shadow will be apparent when his presence would be undesirable. In coming on, each performer should jump sideways over the light. This in front will have the appearance of his having dropped from the ceiling, and when he had finished his part and wishes to make his exit, he does so backward, when it will appear to the audience as if he had gone up through the ceiling. Care must be taken to invariably jump over the light sideways, steadily and neatly, without hurry or heedlessness, and without knocking against the light. In going through the business of the pantomime, the actors must remember that it is essential to do it in profile, as their shadows should have the effect in front of *silhouettes*, or figures cut out in black paper. In using chairs or tables they should be placed as close as possible to the screen, without crushing the person sitting on or walking in front of them to touch the screen.

When ladies take part in the pantomime the stage manager should be particular in making all come out from the sides. There must be no jumping over the light, for ladies young or old, so that no accident from a dress taking fire can possibly take place.

Don't Do It!

Don't quit taking a good paper and one that suits you because you can get an inferior one for less money. It is bad economy. A poor newspaper is awfully poor.

Don't, if you are a young girl, make faces at your rich neighbor's ugly boy. In a couple of years you will be grown up and will want to be taken to the circus and the skating rink.

Don't, if you are a small boy, imagine that it makes no difference how impudent and good-for-nothing you are. People's memories have a way of keeping a record of such things long after you have wanted to change the programme—if you ever do.

Don't blow your nose just at the moment of turning from one street into another. The man leaning up against the wall just around the corner may be a bruiser or your best friend.

Ford's Opera House.

MAY 7, 1884. WEDNESDAY EVENING *MAY* 7, 1884.

Dramatic Entertainment in Full Costume.

FIRST ANNIVERSARY TESTIMONIAL
TO MISS HENRIETTA VINTON DAVIS,
BY THE CITIZENS OF WASHINGTON, D.C.

Miss Davis, as will be remembered, made her debut in this city about one year ago. Since which time she has appeared in the principal cities of NEW ENGLAND. She has just returned from a tour in Ohio, which proved an overwhelming success, the press and the public everywhere greeting her with the greatest app'ause.

MISS DAVIS WILL BE ASSISTED ON THIS OCCASION BY *MR. POWHATAN BEATY*, OF CINCINNATI, O., WHO IS RECOGNIZED, WHEREVER HE HAS APPEARED, AS A GENTLEMAN OF THE HIGHEST DRAMATIC ABILITY.

ON THIS OCCASION, *W. R. DAVIS, JR.*, OF N. Y., WILL MAKE HIS DEBUT AS THE **Duke of Gloster** IN **Richard III.**

Mr. Davis has been studying for the last year, under Miss M. E. Saxton, who thinks that he has made sufficient progress to make a public appearance.

The management most respectfully requests the patronage of the public on this occasion. Every possible effort will be made to make the entertainment a creditable affair in every particular.

ADMISSION to all parts of the house - - - - - - - **50 cents.**

REGULAR ADMISSION Tickets will be for sale at ELLIS' MUSIC STORE, 937 Penna. avenue, and can be had of members of the Combination on and after March 15, 1884.

Reserved Seat Tickets can be procured at the same place on and after the morning of April 15, 1884, by persons holding tickets, without extra charge.

W. R. DAVIS, Manager.

PLAYS.

MACBETH.—Miss H. V. Davis as.....*Lady Macbeth.*
Mr. Powhatan Beaty as.....*Macbeth.*

RICHARD III.—Mr. W. R. Davis as.....*Gloster—King Richard.*
Miss H. V. Davis as.....*Lady Anne.*

INGOMAR.—Mr. Pohatan Beaty as.....*Ingomar.*
Miss H. V. Davis as.....*Parthenia.*

ROMEO AND JULIET.—Miss H. V. Davis as.....*Juliet.*

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